



No.108

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



The BATMAN

Detective

FEB.

COMICS

TEN
CENTS

In this issue
**BATMAN
and ROBIN**
*TRAIL SKY-BANDITS
IN THE JET-PROPELLED
BATPLANE!*



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WHO NEVER FORGETS
THAT THIS IS THE
TRADEMARK
OF COMICS' BEST BETS!



— ON THE COVER
OF **REAL
COMICS!**
FOR EXAMPLE!
A NEW BEST
BET IN THE
DC GROUP,
IT CONTAINS A
FLOCK OF TOP
TRUE FEATURES.

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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

TAKE AWAY A MAN'S FAITH IN HIMSELF AND YOU
HAVEN'T GOT A MAN ANYMORE! YOU'VE GOT THE
WORRIED, UNCERTAIN, SELF-REPROACHFUL SORT
OF BEING DETECTIVE ED GREGORY BECOMES WHEN
HE HAS TO OWN UP TO THE MOST TRAGIC MISTAKE
ANY POLICEMAN CAN MAKE!...UNTIL BATMAN AND
ROBIN RALLY TO HIS SIDE, THAT IS — AND
ROCKET THROUGH FLAMING DEATH IN THE SKIES
TO SEPARATE THE TRUE FROM THE FALSE
IN THE MOVING CASE OF—
"THE GOAT OF GOTHAM CITY!"



GOTHAM CITY'S FINEST, THEY'RE CALLED— AND WHEN HE IS SWORN IN AS A PATROLMAN, ED GREGORY'S AMBITION IS TO BECOME THE FINEST OF THEM ALL.

ED GREGORY, DO YOU SWEAR TO UPHOLD THE LAWS OF YOUR CITY, WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR, EVEN AT THE RISK OF YOUR LIFE?

I DO, COMMISSIONER!



ON HIS THIRD TOUR OF DUTY HE PERFORMS AN ACT OF SPECTACULAR HEROISM!

DON'T BE AN IDIOT, ANY OF US WOULD RISK HIS LIFE IF THERE WERE A CHANCE OF SAVING THAT CHILD— BUT THERE ISN'T!

LET ME GO!



HE MADE IT? A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE THAT PAID OFF?



AND THE PRAISE OF PRETTY KITTY CORLISS MAKES HIM EVEN PROUDER THAN A DEPARTMENTAL CITATION FOR BRAVERY!

ED GREGORY, THERE ISN'T A BRAVER MAN ON EARTH— AND I'LL NEVER SAY DIFFERENT!

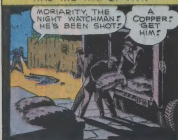
SHUCKS, KITTY— I NEVER EVEN STOPPED TO THINK, OR I'D BEEN SCARED STIFF!



ONCE HE NEARLY DIED OF A GUNMAN'S BULLET—AND THIS WAS THE WAY OF IT...

MORIARITY, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN? HE'S BEEN SHOT!

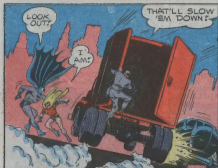
A COPPER? GET HIM!

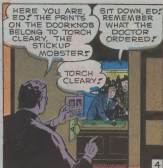
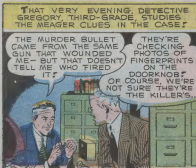


THAT FINISHED HIM!

AAA-AA-A-AA...







THE DOCTOR CERTAINLY DIDN'T ORDER THIS, WHICH HAPPENS AN HOUR LATER?

DROP THAT GUN, TORCH CLEARY. OR I'LL PUT YOU OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

HUH?... A PINCH? BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!



PRESENTLY THE COMPARISON MICROSCOPE GIVES ITS TESTIMONY...

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT! THE BULLET THAT KILLED THE WATCHMAN AND THE TEST BULLET FIRED FROM THAT GUN OF CLEARY'S SHOW EXACTLY THE SAME MARKINGS!

THAT CLUNCHES IT! CLEARY WILL PAY FOR POOR OLD MORIARTY'S LIFE WITH HIS OWN!



DAYS LATER, AT THE CLOSE OF A SENSATIONAL TRIAL...

WE THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY—OF MURDER IN THE FIRST—DEGREE!

I TELL YOU, I'M INNOCENT! I WAS FRAMED!

ORDER!



GOOTHAM NEWS 2

TORCH CLEARY ELECTROCUTED!
WATCHMAN'S MURDER AVENGED!
DETECTIVE GREGORY PROMOTED!

DIES IN CHAIR! GETS HIS MAN!

AND THREE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING, INCLUDING BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

GREGORY'S A FIRST-GRADE DETECTIVE NOW, BRUCE! BATMAN AND ROBIN DIDN'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE WHEN THEY SAVED HIM, DID THEY?

WELL, FROM NOW ON HIS FUTURE WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF A CERTAIN LITTLE RED-HAIRED GIRL WE BOTH KNOW!



AND KITTY CORLISS:

THE ANSWER IS "YES", ED!

GOLLY! I'LL HURRY AND ROUND UP THE REST OF CLEARY'S PALS, AND THEN YOU SET THE DATE!

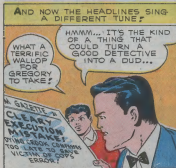
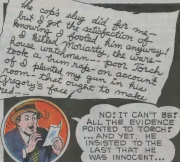


SAVAGELY, DETECTIVE GREGORY, FIRST-GRADE, SEARCHES UNDER-WORLD RENDEZVOUS—UNTIL FINALLY...

BUGS BROWN AND FLIP GURKIN—I WANT YOU!

YIII—IT'S GREGORY!





THAT NIGHT, IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGAR WHERE THE BATPLANE IS HOUSED...

I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR OUR FIRST TEST FLIGHT WITH THESE NEW JET TUBES!

AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL WE GET A CHANCE TO TRY THEM AGAINST THE MOBSTERS THAT ARE USING A HELICOPTER FOR THEIR ROBBERIES!

SUDDENLY, TWIN SPEARS OF FLEETING FLAME SPLIT THE NIGHT SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY!

WE'VE ADDED AN EXTRA HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, AT LEAST!

BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW EASY IT WILL BE TO MANEUVER! LET'S FIND OUT...

LETTERS OF FIRE BLAZON A MESSAGE TO ALL TWO-LEGGED RODENTS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

Crime Does Not Pay!

CHEE! WHO'S DOIN' DAT, PORKY?

I DON'T RECOGNIZE DA HANDWRITIN', BUT I GOT A SNEAKY SUSPICION IT'S DA BATMAN AND ROBIN!

IT IS A STRIKING COINCIDENCE THAT, ALMOST AT THE SAME INSTANT, A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT ATOP POLICE HEADQUARTERS THROWS AN AWESOME SYMBOL AGAINST THE CLOUDS!

THE BAT SYMBOL! COMMISSIONER GORDON WANTS US — BUT FAST!

CUT THE JETS! WE'LL HEAD FOR HEAD-QUARTERS AND LET THE AUTOGYRO BLADES SET US DOWN!

HERE THEY COME!

KITTY CORLISS! DON'T TELL ME YOU ASKED COMMISSIONER GORDON TO SEND OUT THE SIGNAL!

YES, I DID—TO SAVE THE FINEST COP IN THE WORLD FROM TURNING INTO THE WORLD'S WORST FAILURE!

AND NOW PERHAPS IT IS TIME WE HAD A LOOK AT THE AUTOGYRO BANDITS AGAINST WHOM THE BATPLANE'S NEW JET TUBES WERE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED!



PSSTT! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!

SO WHAT? THIS IS THE LAST O' THE SWAG, AIN'T IT? AN' WE GOT GUNS, AIN'T WE? AN' THE GYRO'S RIGHT HERE, AIN'T IT?

NEXT INSTANT...

WELL, IF IT AIN'T GREGORY, WHAT ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN—ONLY THE WRONG ONE!

WHY DON'T YA PINCH US, COPPER? HAW, HAW!

HUH?..



BEAT IT! DON'T BOTHER ME! WHEN A RAT ASKS TO BE PINCHED, HE'S USUALLY SETTING A TRAP FOR SOMEBODY ELSE!

COME ON, BUGS! THAT COPPER WON'T TROUBLE US NO MORE!



A POWERFUL MOTOR ROARS—AND, TOO LATE, GREGORY SNAPS OUT OF HIS FIT OF DESPENDENCY TO SEE THE TRUE NATURE OF THINGS!

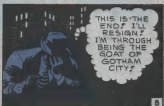


AN AUTOGYRO! AND THE DOOR OF THE JEWELRY SHOP IS OPEN! WHY—



HALT!

NO USE—THEY GOT AWAY, RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE, AND I DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A MOVE TO STOP THEM!



THIS IS THE END! I'LL RESIGN! I'M THROUGH BEING THE GOAT OF GOTHAM CITY!

BUT OTHERS HAVE HEARD THE
DISTANT SHOTS AND SEEN THE
DARK SHAPE OF THE RISING
AUTOGYRO...

SHOTS—OVER
THAT WAY?

AN
AUTOGYRO?
ROBIN,
SOMETHING
TELLS ME THIS
IS THE CHANCE
WE'VE BEEN
LOOKING
FORWARD
TO!

AND A STRICKEN GIRL'S HEART
MAKES HER EYESIGHT EVEN
KEENER THAN THE OTHERS'!

IT'S ED—
ED GREGORY!
I'D KNOW
HIM A
MILLION
MILES
AWAY!

HOW
CAN
YOU
TELL?

SHE'S PROBABLY
RIGHT, ROBIN!
LOVE IS SOMETIMES
MORE POWERFUL
THAN TELESCOPES!

ANYWAY, FELLA,
WE'VE GOT
WORK TO DO
UPSTAIRS?

DON'T
FORGET,
BATMAN— I'M
COUNTING
ON YOU!

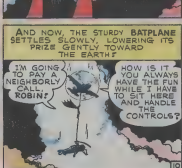
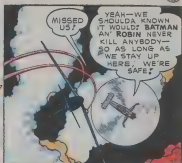
IN THE CABIN OF THE
CROOKS' AUTOGYRO...

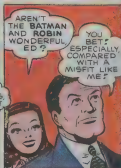
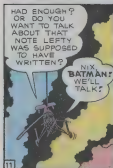
HAW, HAW! WE
WALK OFF WITH
FIFTY GRAND IN
SPARKLERS, WHILE
THE TOUGHEST
COP IN TOWN
WATCHES?

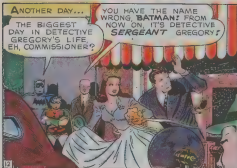
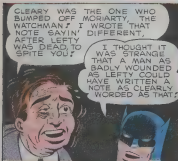
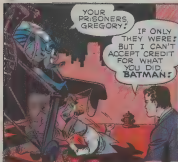
DIDN'T
I TELL YOU
WE COULD
HURT HIM
MORE BY
SHOWING HIM
UP AS A DUMBBELL
THAN BY KILLING
HIM?

BESIDES, IF WE'D
BUMPED HIM OFF,
WE'D HAD THE
WHOLE FORCE
ON OUR TRAIL!

OKAY,
OKAY!
YOU'RE A
GENIUS!
AM I
DENYIN'
IT?









TAKE OFF WITH A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--EVERY MORNING.

TAKE ON ALL THE GOOD NOURISHMENT, GRAND FLAVOR IN THOSE FAMOUS WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.

CRISP-TOASTED! MALT-FLAVORED! NUT SWEET!...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND THAT'S YOUR KIND OF DISH.

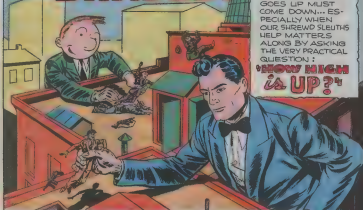
EAT YOUR WHEATIES --EVERY DAY!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN SOME MIGHTY LOW-DOWN CROOKS GO UP IN THE WORLD, THAT DEMON DUO OF DETECTIVES, KNOWN AS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN FEELS DOWN IN THE MOUTH. BUT THERE'S AN OLD SAW THAT WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN... ESPECIALLY WHEN OUR SHREWD SLEUTHS HELP MATTERS ALONG BY ASKING THE VERY PRACTICAL QUESTION:

"HOW HIGH IS UP?"



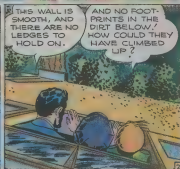
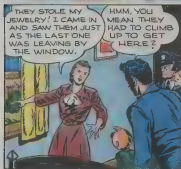
HOW'S THIS FOR A MIRACLE? SHORTY MORGAN WALKING ALONG WITH SLAM BRADLEY... AND BOTH THE SAME SIZE!

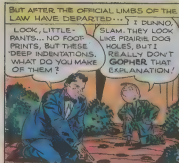
GOSH, IMAGINE ME BEING THIS TALL... AFTER BEING A SHRIMP ALL MY LIFE!

QUIET, SHRIMP, AND KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR JOB. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.



HOW, YOU WILL ASK, DID THIS GREAT CHANGE IN THE DIMINUTIVE DETECTIVE TAKE PLACE? HAS SHORTY BEEN STRETCHED... HAS HE TAKEN VITAMINS? FOR ANSWER WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK A DAY OR SO, TO THE TIME WHEN A HEARTRENDING SHRIEK PIERCES THE STILLY AIR...

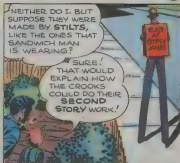




BUT AFTER THE OFFICIAL LIMBS OF THE LAW HAVE DEPARTED...

LOOK, LITTLE-PANTS... NO FOOT-PRINTS, BUT THESE DEEP INDENTATIONS. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM?

I DUNNO, SLAM. THEY LOOK LIKE PRAIRIE DOG HOLES, BUT I REALLY DON'T GOPHER THAT EXPLANATION!



NEITHER DO I. BUT SUPPOSE THEY WERE MADE BY STILTS, LIKE THE ONES THAT SANDWICH MAN IS WEARING?

SURE! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HOW THE CROOKS COULD DO THEIR SECOND STORY WORK!



AND SO, THE DETECTIVE DUO KEEPS ALL EYES PEELED FOR SCOUNDRELS ON STILTS, AND PRESENTLY...

THERE ARE A COUPLE OF LIKELY-LOOKING CUSTOMERS AHEAD, SLAM.

BETTER NOT LET THEM KNOW THEY'RE WATCHED. LET'S BACK INTO A DOORWAY...



THEY THINK THEY'RE ALONE NOW...THEY'RE HELPING THEMSELVES THROUGH THAT WINDOW.

THAT'S ALL WE NEED TO KNOW. FORWARD TO BATTLE, SHORTY.



LOOK, LONG-LEGS...A COUPLE OF DEFECTIVES... I MEAN, DETECTIVES.

SO WHAT? WE'RE BIGGER THAN THEY ARE, AREN'T WE?



OUT OF THE WAY, BUG...OR YOU'LL GET STEPPED ON!

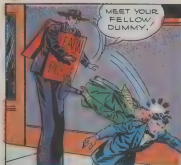
HEY..!



LEGGOO DOWN THERE ON THE FIRST FLOOR!

DON'T WORRY, MIDGET... I'LL CUT THEM DOWN TO OUR SIZE!





MEET YOUR
FELLOW
DUMMY.



THEY CAN'T
GET AWAY WITH
THAT! AFTER
THEM!

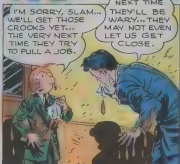
THEY CAN
TAKE LONGER
STEPS... BUT
WE CAN TAKE
FASTER ONES.
I'LL SHOW
THEM...



A MUD PUDDLE!
ALL WE NEEDED!

OOOFFF..!

SPASH!



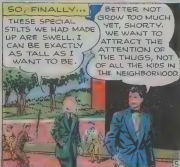
I'M SORRY, SLAM...
WE'LL GET THOSE
CROOKS YET...
THE VERY NEXT
TIME THEY TRY
TO PULL A JOB.

NEXT TIME
THEY'LL BE
WARY... THEY
MAY NOT EVEN
LET US GET
CLOSE.



BUT MAYBE WE
CAN LURE THEM
INTO COMING
AFTER US.
SUPPOSE WE
WEAR STILTS...

—AND MAKE 'EM
THINK WE'RE
MUSCLING INTO
THEIR RACKET?
GOOD!



SO, FINALLY...

THESE SPECIAL
STILTS WE HAD MADE
UP ARE SWELL. I
CAN BE EXACTLY
AS TALL AS I
WANT TO BE.

BETTER NOT
GROW TOO MUCH
YET, SHORTY.
WE WANT TO
ATTRACT THE
ATTENTION OF
THE THUGS, NOT
OF ALL THE KIDS IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD





Thrilling!



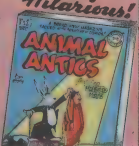
THE BEST-KNOWN SYMBOL IN COMICS



presents
TWO BRAND-NEW MAGAZINES!

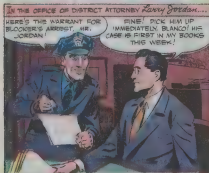
ON SALE
NOW
AT NEWSSTANDS
EVERYWHERE!

Hilarious!





TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4-5 MON. THRU FRI.



MEANWHILE, IN THE LABORATORY OF S.J. BLOOMER, CONFIDENCE MAN AND AMATEUR SCIENTIST

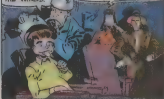
MR. BLOOMER, DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS EXPERIMENT IN TELEPATHY WILL WORK?

INDUBI I DO, MR. REPORTER! IN A FEW MOMENTS I WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW I CAN READ MY SON'S MIND!!



NOW HOLD STILL, JUNIOR...DADDY WILL SOON BE FINISHED FIXING THE WIRRE.

M-MUST YOU TRY THIS EXPERIMENT, MR. BLOOMER? I JUST K-KNOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL H-HAPPEN!



TUSH, MISS CUTTING, NOTHING IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE. THROW THE SWITCH, PLEASE!

VERY WELL, MR. BLOOMER, THERE!



WHOOPEE! I'M ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND!!

MERRY-GO-ROUND? MR. BLOOMER, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



AM I SEEING THINGS? LOOK AT THE KID!

AH, THE STOCK MARKET PAGE! HMM...MY BROKER WARNED ME CONSOLIDATED THUMB TACKS WOULD GO DOWN TEN POINTS!

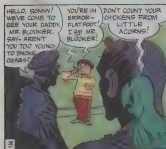


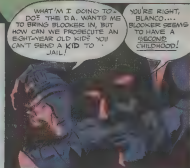
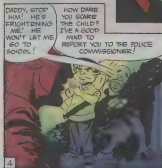
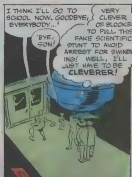
A MAGNIFICO MAGNIFICO! EXCELLENT CIGAR!

THANKS FOR BUYING ME BUBBLE GUM, DADDY!

OH, MR. BLOOMER, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE JUNIOR AND HIS BEHAVING LIKE YOU!







IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. BLOOMER... I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOUR APPARATUS!

NOT AT ALL! YOU'LL FIND MY SECRETARY IN THE LAB. SHE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU. WE'RE GOING UP-STAIRS TO JUNIOR'S SURGERY!



BUT WHY MUST YOU REPEAT THE EXPERIMENT, AIR WAVE? ISN'T WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR MR. BLOOMER BAD ENOUGH?

OH NO! THE WORST IS YET TO COME!



HOW REFRESHING! WHY I FEEL YOUNG ALREADY... WHAT I NEED NOW ARE PLAYMATES...!



OH, THIS IS TOO MUCH! I SHALL GO MAD!

NOW AIR WAVE'S TURNED INTO A LITTLE BOY. LOOK!



IMPOSSIBLE!

WHO WANTS TO PLAY WITH ME? YOU, BLOOMER?

YOU WEAR THE SKATES, AND I'LL PUSH YOU, BLOOMER! WE'LL HAVE SUCH FUN!



BUT... I'D RATHER PLAY CHECKERS....

SOME FUN, EH KID? AHHO! HELP!

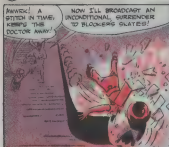


I DON'T LIKE PLAYING WITH YOU... YOU'RE TOO ROUGH!

A SLIDING POND! YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY THIS! MY LITTLE MAN, ISN'T IT FUN BEING A KID AGAIN?

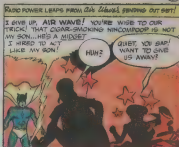


GULP!



AWACK! A
STITCH IN TIME,
KEEPS THIS
DOCTOR AWAY!

NOW I'LL BROADCAST AN
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
TO BLOCKER'S GLATES!



RADIO POWER LEAPS FROM *Air Wave's* GIVING OUT SET!

I GIVE UP, AIR WAVE! YOU'RE WISE TO OUR
TRICK! THAT CIGAR-SMOKING NINCOMPOOP IS NOT
MY SON...HE'S A MIDGET
I HIRED TO ACT
LIKE MY SON!

HUH?

QUET, YOU SAG!
WANT TO GIVE
US AWAY?



ANOTHER BROADCAST TO A
WIDEST WATCH AND...

BLOCKER'S FAKING AIR WAVE!
THAT EXPERIMENT WAS FAKERY!
HE PULLED THE SECOND CHILD-
HOOD ACT SO HE SHOULDN'T
BE ARRANGED!

WHY YOU TRAITOR!
IS THIS WHAT I
PAID YOU TWO GRAND
FOR? I'LL....



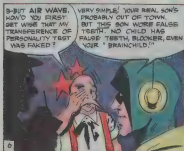
TURN ME OVER TO THE COPS,
WILL YOU?

BUT YOU STARTED..
I HEARD YOU GIVING
UP FIRST!

FOR!



SOCK!



B-BUT AIR WAVE,
HOW'D YOU FIRST?
GET WISE THAT MY
TRANSPERANCE OF
PERSONALITY TEST
WAS FAKED?

VERY SIMPLE! YOUR REAL SON'S
PROBABLY OUT OF TOWN.
BUT THIS SON WORE FALSE
TEETH. NO CHILD HAS
FALSE TEETH, BLOCKER, EVEN
YOUR 'BRANCHILD'!

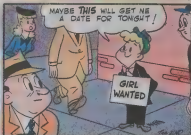


THANKS A LOT
FOR PLAYING GAMES
WITH THESE BOYS.
Air Wave...AND
THANKS FOR
WINNING!

WHAT A STORY!

ALL'S WELL
THAT ENDS WITH
MUD IN THEIR EYES!

YOU SAID IT,
STATIC!



Advertisement

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR SMITH BROTHERS, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢

TRADE MARK

BELL OF MAGIC

by Fred Whithy

OVERHEAD, the bright sun beat down on the market place, which itself was a riot of color and fragrance. Birds trilled their melodies to the skies, and everywhere peace reigned. Except in one place: the heart of Ali Ben, the *fakir*.

Ali skulked now behind the bazaar, afraid to come out inwardly, he reproached himself for his fears. After all, he was the greatest magician in all Persia. Hadn't he been saying so for years? Of course, his greatness hadn't been yet recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land. To many, Ali knew, he was more beggar than magician.

"But what is a man to do," he told himself defensively, as he cowered behind the rug seller's stall. "when he is old and unable to work." He felt hot beads of perspiration break out afresh over his body as a familiar voice came from in front of his hiding place. Ali quivered. It was the accursed Tu Wali, his mortal enemy. Tu Wali was a *fakir*, too, and the rivalry between him and Ali was well known.

Tu Wali's voice was filled with glee. "That impostor, Ali Ben has bragged once too often," he was saying loudly to his friend Shan, the rug maker. And Shan was roaring with glee.

"It is all over the market place," Shan replied, "how Ali Ben bragged in the Copper Pot last night of his ability to make even the Shah marvel at his

magic. And sitting in the audience, in disguise, was the Shah himself!"

"Yes," Tu Wali roared, "and at any moment, Ali Ben may expect the command to appear before the Shah." Tu Wali's tone made the listening Ali Ben wince, "Such magic as Ali can show is fit only for beggars."

Ali Ben's heart filled with anger. He leaped to his feet and came out from his hiding place.

"Dog of a necromancer," he cried, "for that I will have your heart."

Tu Wali, big and burly, manifested no fear. With one hand he could have shattered Ali Ben's frail body.

"Wisdom decrees that you fight only with words," he said easily, "unless you wish never to display your paltry art again." Suddenly, he turned. "Look! The Shah's messenger comes!"

Tu Wali's huge hand plunged out, collared the agile Ali Ben who was about to retreat to a safer hiding place.

Realizing the messenger had seen him, Ali Ben attempted to recover his composure. It would not do to show too great fear before his hated enemy.

"You are Ali Ben, the *fakir*?" the messenger asked.

Ali Ben drew himself up to his scant five feet of dignity. "Fakir and master of the black arts, at your service."

Tu Wali chuckled. The messenger appeared not to notice

it. Instead, he unrolled a piece of parchment, and, as crowds suddenly materialized around him, read:

"Ali Ben, the *fakir*, is hereby summoned to appear before the Shah and make His Royal Highness marvel at feats of black magic. His Royal Highness further requests that Ali Ben say in advance what great piece of black art shall be done."

Ali Ben's mind was in a whirl.

"I shall make ring the bells in the market tower!" he blurted out.

The sudden, nerve shattering silence that descended on the hitherto ribald crowd brought him to his senses. What had he said? He had put his head on the chopping block! For surely, that is where it would go if he did not fulfill his boast.

"The bells in the market tower!" The words sang around the crowd, darted hither and yon. For almost three hundred years the market tower bells had not rung, for the ropes had rotted away and had never been replaced.

Even Tu Wali looked at Ali Ben with new respect. Only a madman, or a great magician, would dare make such a promise.

The messenger's voice quavered. "So be it," he said. "Tomorrow, at high noon you shall perform before the Shah." The messenger rode away.

Ali Ben stared defiantly at

the crowd. He didn't dare trust his voice. He didn't dare run away, for he knew Tu Wali and others would watch him. He turned, went back to his hiding place behind the rug seller's stall.

"What have I done? What have I done?" thought Ali Ben. "If only I had cut out this traitorous tongue of mine."

Night was just beginning to fall when he felt strong enough to walk home. Dragging his feet, Ali Ben slunk close to the walls which enclosed his house and those of his neighbors. Usually, homecoming was a festive occasion, for the few coins he garnered daily went into wine and delicacies. But tonight there would be no delicacies for Ali Ben's large family. There would be nothing but sorrow. Undoubtedly, they had heard by now of his boast.

Sorrowing, he went into the gate. There, his fears were confirmed. There was no music, no laughter. Nothing but a grave-faced wife and children. Ali's nerves tightened, seeing the storm on his wife's face. It broke suddenly.

"Fool! Fool that thou art," she cried. "Boaster!"

But Ali Ben knew she was afraid, and even as he listened to her harangue, he could sense her dismay. But there was nothing he could do about it. She knew it, too. Suddenly she changed the subject. "You will discipline young Ali tonight," she said firmly. "Although your boasting has gotten you into great trouble, you are still the master of this family."

She reached out for young Ali, a small lad of perhaps twelve years. He yelped as

strong fingers found his ear. From her dress, Ali's wife drew a slingshot. "Your rascal has been hitting people all day with this!" She sighed. "The guards found him in a tree, and brought him here."

Ali sighed, too. "You were sitting in a tree, young one?"

The frightened boy admitted he had been. He held up his hand defensively, to ward off the blow he was certain was coming. Instead, Ali seemed lost in thought. At last he reached for the lad's collar. "Come with me," he said.

It was deep night when the pair returned. Their eyes were shining. Ali's wife looked at them in a mixture of surprise and distress. "What have you two been up to?"

Ali winked. "All is well," he said, enigmatically. His eyebrows arched. "Worry not about your famous husband's head."

Well, perhaps Ali's wife did not worry. But Tu Wali and the great throng which stood beneath the Shah's palace walls, and overflowed almost to the bell tower were of a certainty Ali Ben would lose his head.

Not so Ali. Not in the least awed by the splendors of the Shah's palace, he stood now in the throne room, master of the black arts. For the occasion, he had been robed in clothes of brightest hue, and these further helped his soaring spirits. With deftness he went through the simple tricks so known to the *fakir*. Like an artist painting a giant canvass, his stroke was sure and strong.

Then at last it was time for his great trick. Slowly, he walked to the palace window and made a mystic pass in the di-

rection of the market bell tower. Outside, not a thing stirred, and a death-like stillness was in the room. Would the trick work?

The sound was strong and vibrant: The bells that had for centuries been silent now pealed gloriously, as though grateful to be awakened from so long a sleep. For a full minute they pealed, until Ali Ben made another mystic pass. Then they were silent.

In great dignity, Ali Ben bowed before the Shah, who stared at him open-mouthed. At last the Shah spoke. "Rise, Court Magician," he said, "and receive thine honors."

The Shah clapped his hands. An attendant brought a huge golden chain, which the Shah placed around Ali Ben's neck. "Never have I so marvelled at the black arts, Ali Ben," he said. "Henceforth, you shall be known as the greatest magician in all Persia."

Ali Ben thanked the Shah with the dignity befitting the greatest magician in all Persia. His face wreathed in smiles, he withdrew.

"I've got to get young Ali out of that tree," he told himself, "before the lad decides to shoot pebbles at the people in the market-place."

Nevertheless, it had been a Heaven-sent inspiration to place young Ali and his slingshot in the tall cedars that bordered the bell tower. The lad had done his part well, hitting the bells true and sure at Ali Ben's signal. "I'll make him the greatest magician in all Persia, someday, too," Ali Ben told himself as he fought his way through the crowd.



THREE-RING

BINKS

by JACK FARR

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR STAGE,
SCREEN AND RAH-DEE-ON!

BINKS! HOLD YOUR HEAD, OL' BOY, WHILE I PUT MY NEW ACT, 'ABORIGOLA' THROUGH HIS ROUTINE - HE'S A HEAD-HUNTING ABORIGINE FROM THE WILDS OF 'ABYSSYNTHETIC' AND AS SOON AS YOU SEE HIM DO HIS STUFF YOU'LL GO ALL OUT TRYING TO STITCH ME UP IN ONE OF YOUR UN-FAMOUS CONTRACTS.

OUTSIDE WITH THAT CANARIE CANNIBAL, YOU WHELPIN' WEASEL YOU! THEN SIDDOWN HERE A SPELL AND I'LL TELL YOU A YARN ABOUT A WILD-MAN ACT THAT THREW ME INTO BANKRUPTCY! - BUT TWICE!

SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I WAS SWINGING THROUGH THE BUSH COUNTRY OF AUSTRALIA WITH A VERY CROOPY CARNIVAL WHEN ONE DAY A SMALL PACKAGE OF POISONED PERSONALITY STEPS INTO MY TENT AND ADMITS THAT - - -

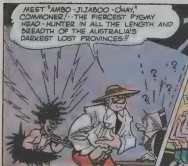
I'M MAJOR LUDWELYN MONTGOMERY FORTESCUE HAROLD EDWARD BUCHANAN BULOGE, ESQ, SIR!

THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A BULOGE TO CARRY, ESQO! - - SO WHAT?

I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY RESENT THAT FEEBLE 'SON MOT' LATER, PEASANT, BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE ON THE END OF THIS CHAIN, - A MILLION DOLLAR ATTRACTION!!

HAUL IT IN!!

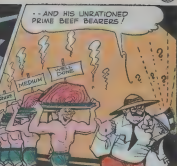




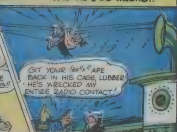
• THEN HE PUT AMBO-ETC. THROUGH
HIS NATIVE PAGES...AND, BOB, HIS ACT
WAS A TRIPLE-HONEY!



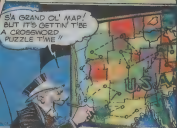
WE FINALLY MADE THE CROSSING HOWEVER,
(FULL O' BRUISES, BREAKS, AND CONCUSSIONS)!
THEN OPENED TO A PACKED HOUSE...AND HE
WAS A FOUR-ALARM ROT!!



• I SIGNED HIM ON THE SPOT!...AND AS I WAS
CLOSING IN AUSTRALIA SOON AFTER, I FIGURED
I'D SAVE HIS 'OPENING' FOR BACK HOME HERE IN
THE STATES!...AND DID I DO WRONG!!



...HIS REPUTATION SPREAD 'ROSS COUNTRY
LIKE PRAIRIE FIRE AND WE SOON GOT
OUR BOOKINGS ALL BALLED UP BY OVER-
LAPPING OUR CIRCUIT DATES FROM
EXTENDED STOP-OVERS!





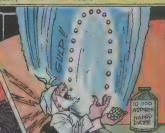
-- THEN, -- OH! WILL I EVER FORGET IT? - (THIS WAS ONLY LAST YEAR, DID I TELL YA?) - I GOT MY FIRST MEAT BILL --- IT TOOK 40 POUNDS OF TOP SIRLOINS A DAY TO KEEP THAT CARNIVOROUS CALAMITY IN FUEL! ---

-- IT TOOK EVERY MEAT RATION STAMP THE ENTIRE COMPANY COULD 'POOL' TO KEEP HIM FODDERED! BUT YOU KNOW OUR SLOGAN - THE SHOW MUST GO ON!



- THAT WAS IN TOLEDO, I THINK, - A MR. BLACK SUPPLIED ALL THE MEAT, - (AND, BROTHER, DID HE BUTCHER ME!)

-- WELL I SHOVELLED ASPIRIN ON MY HEADACHE FOR TWO DAYS AND FORGOT IT, - THE BOX-OFFICE KEPT HITTING THE 'JACK-POT' SO I JUST SAID TO MYSELF, - 'WHAT'S THE USE?' --



-- FOR THE NEXT (MEATLESS) SIX MONTHS THE WHOLE TROUPE WALLOWED IN WEALTH!-- I DOUBLED EVERYONE'S SALARY, - THEY GANGED UP ON ME WITH INTENT TO - (YOU FILL IT IN) -- AND HAPPY DAYS WERE HERE AGAIN!

NEXT WE PLAYED DULUTH, ST. LOUIS, CLEVELAND, MILWAUKEE, THEN ATLANTA, (WITH STAGGERING MEAT BILLS,) -- AND WHO DO YTHINK PRESENTED EVERY SINGLE ONE O' THEM MEAT BILLS? -- WHY, THE VERY SAME ...



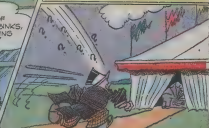
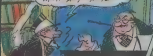
--AT THE END OF ME WITS' END I RUSHED OUT AND GOT ME A LAWYER --

--NEXT I RUSHED OFF TO COLLAR "AMBO-JIJABOO OHAY"-- HE WAS PACKING HIS TRUNKS--AND--WAS HE A **CHANGED PERSON**!!

HYM-SHOOT WEIGHT!

HARLUMPH! LET ME HAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR RATION BOOK, BINKS, AND LEAVE EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY HANDS!!

I ALWAYS DO!- WITH ANY LAWYER!

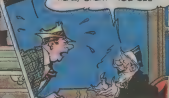


SO LONG, BINKS!-- THANKS FOR HELPIN' US OUT!-- YOU'LL HEAR ALL ABOUT ME LATER!-- I'M QUITTIN'!!

WHY, THE UNGRATEFUL INSRATE! WHAT ABOUT EATING ALL THAT MEAT?-- AND WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?



DON' BETTER'N EVER, I HEAR, CHUM--YOU SEE--



--IT WAS ALL AN ACT!-- HE WAS REALLY A SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENT!-- I NEVER PAID MR. BLACK-MARKET BLACK FOR THOSE STEAKS!-- AMBO SLEIGHT-OF-HANDED ALL OF THEM AND SENT THEM WHERE THEY WERE MOST NEEDED AND THEN TURNED MR. BLACK OVER TO THE RIGHT AUTHORITIES WHO DECIDED---

HEY?-- HEH-HEH-HEH! WHERE 'YHEADIN', CHUM?

OKAY, MR. BLACK!-- YOU'RE DUE FOR A "BLACK-OUT" ON US!-- WE'RE FEDERAL!!

OW-WAH!! OUTA HERE!--AN' I'M HEADIN' FOR A **PLASTIC HAMBURGER**!



**COLORFUL!
EXCITING!**

METAL PIN-ON COMIC BUTTONS

**ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S PEP**

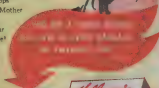
Superman	Lillums	Mean Mullins
Uncle Walt	Smitty	Smilin' Jack
Skeezix	Sandy	Smokey Stover
Herby	Orphan Annie	Winnie Winkle
Harold Teen	Nja	Shadow
Kayo	Perry Winkle	Dick Tracy

EACH IN FULL COLOR ON A SHINY, PIN-ON METAL BUTTON!

If you like the funnies, you'll get a big kick out of collecting these wonderful comic buttons! **RIGHTTEN** of your favorite characters are available—and you'll want every one! It's so easy to get them, too! Every package of Kellogg's PEP contains one as a prize! Open the box and there is your metal button—in full color—right in the package! No money to send! No box-tops to mail. No delay! Ask your Mother to buy a package of delicious PEP wheat flakes, and get your comic button as an extra prize!

Start right now—be the first to get a complete collection. They look like a million dollars when you pin 'em on your cap, jacket or sweater.

Now the other kids will envy you when they see your swell collection of comic buttons!

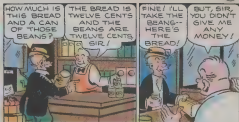


**LISTEN
TO**

SUPERMAN

SCUFFY

THE TRAMP



Advertisement





The BOY COMMANDOS

in
*The MIRACLE of
HOO-DUN-DAT!*

From the
WAR DIARY
of the
BOY COMMANDOS
A STARTLING STORY
THAT COULD NOT
BE TOLD UNTIL
V-J DAY!
...Rip Carter...
CAPTAIN

THE FINEST WEAPONS ON EARTH WERE IN THE HANDS OF THE AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN, BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES CALL FOR SPECIAL WEAPONS, UNFORESEEN BY THE ARMA-MENT-MAKERS! AND WHEN RIP CARTER FOUND HIMSELF IN A JAPANESE TRAP FROM WHICH ONLY WIZARDRY COULD EXTRICATE HIM, THE BOY COMMANDOS WERE NOT SLOW IN INVENTING A WIZARD WHOSE PERFORMANCE AMAZES EVERYBODY CONCERNED, INCLUDING THEMSELVES.

By JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY

NOT FAR FROM THE BURMA-CHINA BORDER,
THE JAPANESE OUTPOSTS GULP THEIR RICE
RATIONS...

WAR OVER PRETTY SOON,
MAYBE! EXALTED SUN-EMPEROR
SAY HATED YANKEES NEARLY
ALL DEAD!

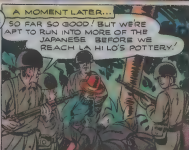
SAN
FRANCISCO
AND NEW
YORK IN
RUINS,
WIRELESS
SAY! HA,
HA!

SUDDENLY...

MAYBE WE
LOOT CHICAGO
NEXT WEEK -
YESS?



AI-EEE-EEE!
EVIL SPIRITS OF DEPART-
ED ENEMIES COME
HAUNT US!



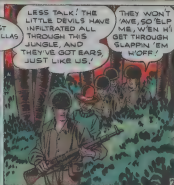
A MOMENT LATER...

SO FAR SO GOOD! BUT WE'RE
APT TO RUN INTO MORE OF THE
JAPANESE BEFORE WE
REACH LA HILO'S POTTERY!



DERE'LL BE PLENTY NIP
SOUVENIRS SCATTERED
AROUND WHEN DA BOYS
FOLLER US IN TA MOP
UP DIS SECTOR, WIT' DA
GUERRILLAS HELPIN' US!

JA, MEINHEER
BROOKLYN-
BUT FIRST WE MUST
WARN DER GUERRILLAS
HELPIN' US!



LESS TALK! THE
LITTLE DEVILS HAVE
INFILTRATED ALL
THROUGH THIS
JUNGLE, AND
THEY'VE GOT EARS,
JUST LIKE US!

THEY WON'T
'AVE, SO 'ELP
ME, W'EN H'I
GET THROUGH
SLAPPIN' 'EM
W'OFF!

ON THE EDGE OF A TINY VILLAGE STANDS THE WORKSHOP OF LAHILO, MASTER POTTER...

MAKE THE FIRE HOTTER, MY SON! IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE BAKING THE BLOODTHIRSTY INVADERS, INSTEAD OF BITS OF CLAY!

HA! THEN THE FEROCITY OF THE FLAMES WOULD MELT THE STONES, O GENEROUS MASTER!

SO DAT'S DA JOINT WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MAKE CONTACT WIT' DA GUERRILLAS!

THE MAN WHO RUNS IT IS ONE OF THE ALLIES' MOST VALUABLE AGENTS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD!

WAIT HERE TILL I RECONNOITER AND MAKE SURE NO JAPS ARE LURKING AROUND!

VY NOT LET VUN OF US GO, CAPTAIN?

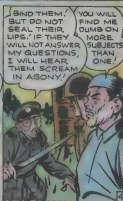
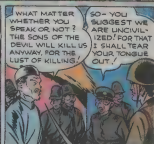
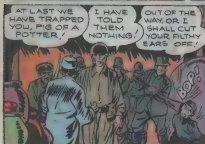
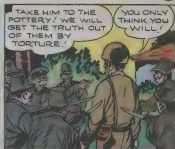
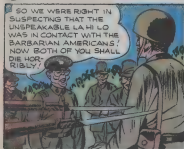
IT IS NOT FAIR! HE ALWAYS RUNS ZE RISKS.

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR IT!

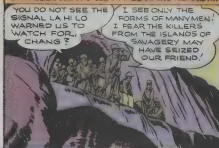
HA! YANKEE PIG!

THE SLIMY BLIGHTERS! H'LL SHOW 'EM! H'LL—

NIX, YA SAP! DERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM FOR US TA TACKLE DIS WAY!

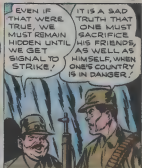


MEANWHILE, BEFORE THE CAVERN HEADQUARTERS OF A GUERRILLA FORCE IN MOUNTAINS NEARBY...



YOU DO NOT SEE THE SIGNAL LA HI LO WARNED US TO WATCH FOR, CHANG?

I SEE ONLY THE FORMS OF MANY MEN! I FEAR THE KILLERS FROM THE ISLANDS OF SAVAGERY MAY HAVE SEIZED OUR FRIEND!



EVEN IF THAT WERE TRUE, WE MUST REMAIN HIDDEN UNTIL WE GET SIGNAL TO STRIKE!

IT IS A SAD TRUTH THAT ONE MUST SACRIFICE HIS FRIENDS, AS WELL AS HIMSELF, WHEN ONE'S COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!



MEANWHILE... IF ONLY WE COULD CHARGE AND COME TO GRIPS MIT DEM HAND TO HAND!

I COULD HANDLE HALF OF 'EM, MESELF.

OUT-AND SO COULD ZE REST OF US- PROVIDING ZE OZZER HALF DID NOT SHOOT US FIRST!



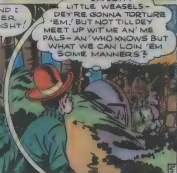
HERE'S WHERE WE SPLIT UP! IF DEY SPOT ALL FOUR OF US, DEY'LL RUB US OUT IN A MINUTE- BUT IF DEY ONLY SPOT ONE, IT WON'T MATTER SO MUCH!



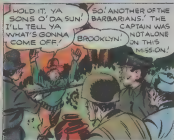
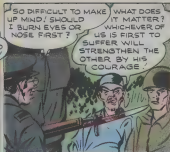
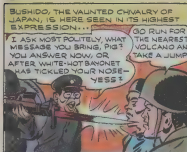
I'LL GIVE YA A CHANCE TA GET CLOSE TA DA SHACK- DEN I GOTA SCHEME TA HOLD DEIR ATTENTION WHILE YA PICK HIDN' PLACES INSIDE!

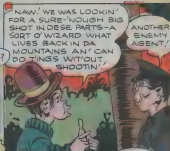
VOILA! I SHALL TAKE ZE LEFT FLANK!

UND I DER RIGHT!

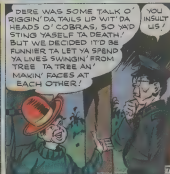
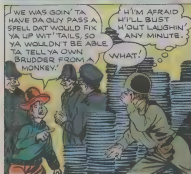
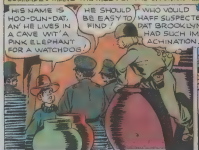


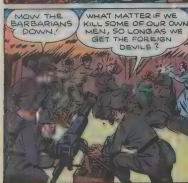
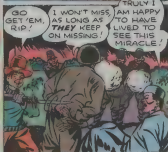
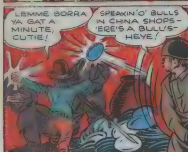
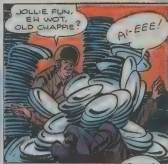
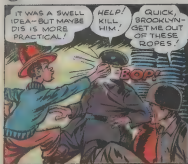
DA DOITY LITTLE WEASELS- DEY'RE GONNA TORTURE 'EM! BUT NOT TILL DEY MEET UP WIT ME AN' ME PALS- AN' WHO KNOWS BUT WHAT WE CAN LOIN 'EM SOME MANNERS?

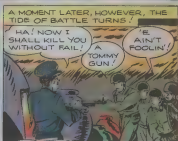




AS THE BOY FROM BROOKLYN SPINS A FABULOUS YARN THAT HOLDS THE ATTENTION OF THE MURDEROUS LITTLE WARRIORS, HIS COMRADES MAKE THE MOST OF THE OPPORTUNITY.







AND AT GUERRILLA HEADQUARTERS,

BEHOLD, THE SIGNAL—THE SMOKE OF A TORCH, MOVED RAPIDLY FROM PLACE TO PLACE!

GOOD, I SHALL FIRE A ROCKET TO TELL OUR ALLIES THAT WE ARE STARTING THE BATTLE!

DARK INDEED IS THE OUTLOOK FOR THE GALLANT COMMANDOS AS THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT BRINGS ENEMY REINFORCEMENTS.

FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS! KEEP FIGHTING—FOR FREEDOM—

THEY'LL KILL HIM—ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN THAT EVER DREW BREATH!

ZEY WILL GET ALL OF US SOON—

SUDDENLY...

DOWN WITH THE BEASTS OF DARKNESS!

THE GUERRILLAS! WE'RE SAVED!

I DON'T MIND ADMITTIN', IT'S A LOAD OFF ME MIND!

NEXT INSTANT...

NO SHOOT!

WHEE-EE! HERE'S DA REST OF OUR GANG!

WE SURRENDER!

LOOKS LIKE WE WON THIS ROUND, AFTER ALL!

YOU AND YOUR GUERRILLAS WERE IN THE NICK OF TIME, GENERAL 'YIN.' WE WERE JUST ABOUT FINISHED.

WE WOULD HAVE ATTACKED SOONER, BUT OUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO WAIT FOR THE SMOKE SIGNAL!

DA SMOKE SIGNAL! WELL BEAT ME WIT' A BALDOKA!

HOO-DUN-DAT SURE WAS SMART, FIXIN' YA UP WIT' A TAIL O' SMOKE! MAYBE YA'LL BELIEVE IN FAIRY TALES AFTER DIS!

DARNED IF I'M NOT STARTING TO BELIEVE IN THEM MYSELF!

BAH!



Henry IBA

HIS OKLAHOMA AGGIES WERE BASKETBALL'S BEST IN 1944-45

IBA'S 1944-45 "COWBOY" FIVE WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSN CHAMPIONSHIP THEN DEFEATED THE NATIONAL INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT WINNER, DE PAUL, FOR OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATION



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